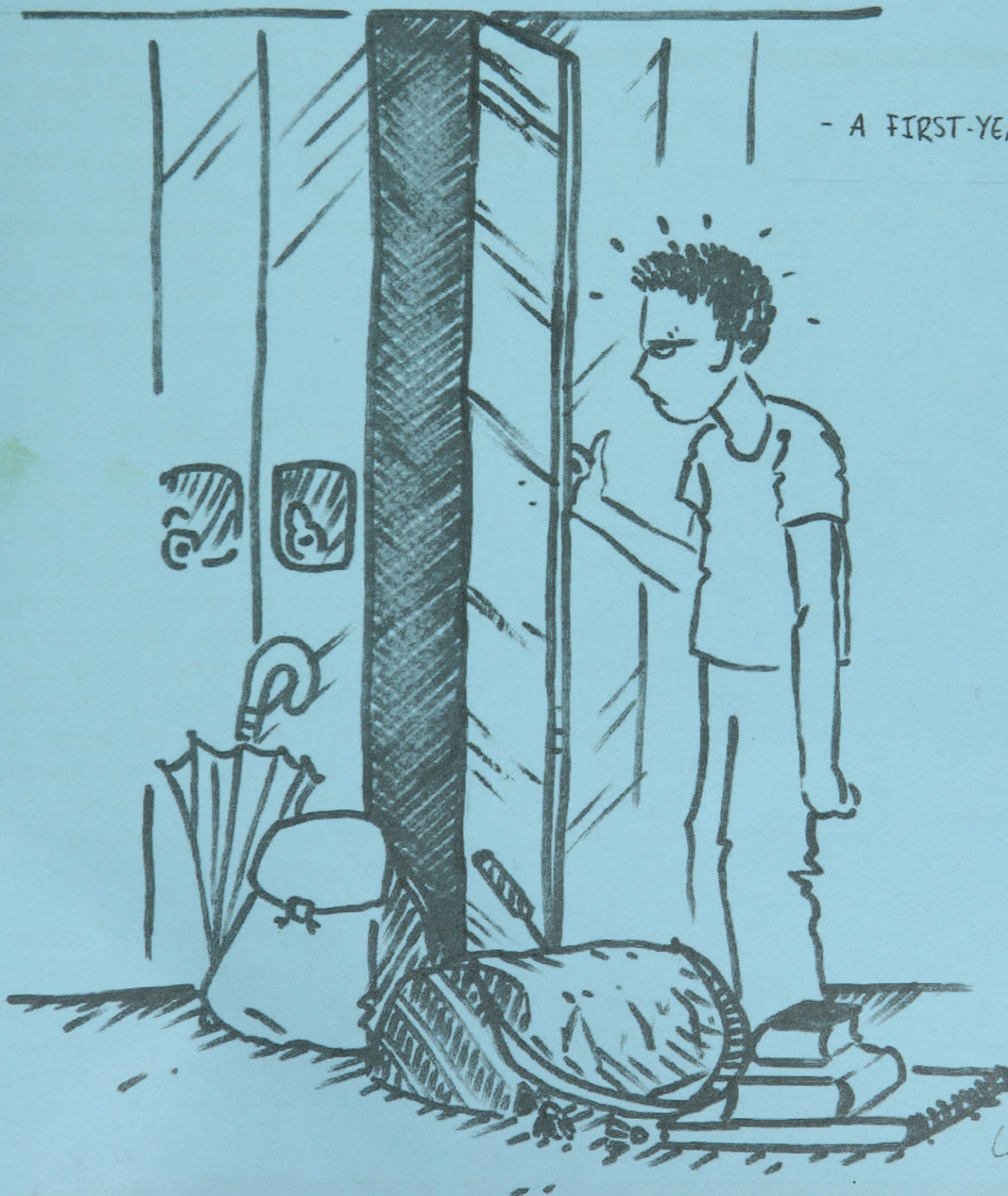


Quid Novi

McGill University, Faculty of Law
Volume 26, no. 1 - September 13, 2005



- A FIRST-YEAR'S LIKELY MISTAKE -



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The *Quid Novi* is published weekly by the students of the Faculty of Law at McGill University. Production is made possible through the direct support of students.

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Week in Review...

Ah, back in the saddle again!

A new school year has begun, accompanied by all the traditional opening rites and rituals.

There is the Quest for the Location of the New Locker (don't blink, you might miss the tiny slice of Faculty real estate that you will call your own). Then there's the Dance of the Course Swap, as students add, drop, sample, add, drop, sample, until everyone has what they want or have collapsed in a heap. Nobody should miss the traditional Hunt for the Used Book, that ever-popular favorite ritual of posting notice after notice, comparing prices, racing to snap up the unsuspecting \$10 Obligations coursepack (only slightly used - i.e. most of the pages are still somewhat legible and kind of attached to the coil-ring).

The social rituals are also a must-see: the First Sponsored Coffeehouse of the Year, which is the most well-attended Faculty event of the year (including classes!), is the time when students and faculty gather, drink copious amounts of free wine and eat sushi rolls and puff-pastry mystery packets until ready to burst, all while engaging in the equally traditional Dance of Evading the Recruiting Lawyers (hint - tell them you're in first year).

If you are very quiet and patient, you may observe the Law Student engaged in all of these ritual activities in the coming weeks. Grab your binoculars and I'll meet you in the atrium!

L.M.

From the Desk of the President...

by Andrés Drew, L.S.A. President de l'A.É.D. (Law III)

Friends and colleagues, amis et collègues,

Welcome back! The LSA and several LSA committees have been busy over the course of the summer to ensure that this year is the best one yet. L'AÉD souhaite donc remercier les personnes suivantes pour un travail acharné:

Le Comité d'orientation qui a fait un travail absolument fantastique. Thank you very much to Miguel Bernal-Castillero, Marie-Christine Levasseur, Angela Lu, Plamen Panajotov and Natalie Tabar. We also wish to thank all the talented individuals who worked alongside the committee to decorate the Atrium, organize the Pub Crawl and Legal Methodology Detour. I'd also like to take this opportunity to thank Chancellor Richard Pound for agreeing to be the Orientation guest speaker on such short notice.

The members of the Career and Placement Office Committee have also spent a good deal of this summer working on a plan to expand its services. Je souhaite remercier Claire Danglemont de Tassigny, Daniel Ehrenfeld, Matt Aronson et Brigitte St. Laurent pour leur travail cet été.

A much needed translation service has been made available by this year's **translation committee**. Ce comité vise à terminer la traduction du site Web de l'AÉD prochainement. Stephanie Colford (VP Administration) has also helped make this year's LSA functionally bilingual. Je vous remercie tous.

I also wish to express our profound gratitude and sincere thanks to Phil Alma, our **web designer**, and Matt

Aronson, our **office manager** for the excellent services they rendered to us.

Many members of the **faculty and staff** worked with us this summer to make some of the projects listed below a reality. Le Doyen de la Faculté de droit nous a appuyés dans bien des circonstances, et je me compte chanceux de pouvoir collaborer avec quelqu'un si dévoué à la réalisation des objectifs qu'il se fixe. Marie-Hélène Di Lauro and Margaret Baratta have been very helpful in refurbishing and renovating parts of the Faculty. Michael Cantwell, Tania Chugani and Maria Marcheschi have also lent a significant hand in making the alumni presence better felt at the Faculty as well as providing ideas for the Launch the Lounge Project. Linda Coughlin, Eileen Parle and Grace Cartwright and Thomas Chalmers have also greatly supported the Orientation Committee and the LSA throughout the summer.

Here is a list of recent achievements. Credit must be given to the entire LSA Executive for many of the following - the names in parenthesis credit the bulk of the work to one or more LSA executives. This year the student body is extremely fortunate to have such an incredibly talented and energetic team, if you see any of them in the hallway, be sure to thank them and buy them a drink at Coffee House.

1) Redesigned Website: newly included are the Bottin, LSA History, Archival Pictures, Calendar of Events, Event History and Funding Formulas. **(President & Phil Alma)**

2) LSA-SSMU agreement: secured 11K for Clubs. This is 4-5K more than

previous years. The agreement also ensures greater club accountability. **(VP External)**

3) Redrafting rules to ensure greater club accountability. **(VP Clubs and Services)**

4) Rédaction d'un mémo sur les procédures d'admission. **(VP Academic, President)**

5) Wireless Memo: in favor of extending wireless to classrooms **(VP Academic)**

6) CPO expansion project: LSA has looked into expanding the services...more to come soon. **(CPO Committee, Matt Aronson and President)**

7) Rapport sur le financement de la rénovation du salon des étudiants: voir le site Web. **(Matt Aronson)**

8) Creation of the *McGill Legal Community Networking Fund*, which has collected more than 10K. **(VP Public Relations and President)**

9) Reupholstering all couches in Atrium and Basement of Faculty. This should be completed by the end of September. **(VP Finance, President)**

10) Refurbishing all tables in the basement of NCDH and upper Atrium. Thanks to Fabien Pierresteguy for a superb job. **(VP Finance, President)**

11) Purchasing glass to cover tables in upper Atrium. **(VP Finance, President)**

12) Purchasing new laptop and ▶

computer tables for upper Atrium (forthcoming). **(VP Finance and President)**

13) Achat d'un système de climatisation pour le laboratoire d'informatique dans le sous-sol. **(VP Finance and President)**

14) Changing beer supplier from Molson to McAuslan. Kegs, anyone? **(VP External)**

15) Création d'une section de questions fréquentes sur le site Web. Non seulement utile pour les nouveaux étudiants, cette section contient des renseignements sur les frais de l'AÉD et de l'AÉUM. **(VP Academic and the entire team)**

16) Redesign of sweatshirts and summer sweatshirt sale for incoming students. **(President, VP External & VP Athletics)**

17) Mise-à-jour du calendrier des activités étudiantes sur le site Web de la faculté. **(VP Administration)**

18) Securing Faculty financial support for LCD-screen Events Calendar at the Faculty of Law. **(VP Administration)**

19) Having international law firms host Coffee House. **(VP Public Relations)**

20) Accroître le nombre de Coffee House commandités de sept à neuf et accroître le nombre de dîners commandités dans l'Atrium de un à quatre (à confirmer). **(VP Public Relations)**

21) Report on Chinese Law School Exchange in conjunction with APLAM: in particular Weiguo He. **(President and APLAM)**

22) Working on the creation of a WADA Clinic Course with Viviana Espinoza.

23) Institutionalizing the Class Action Fund for Law. **(President)**

24) Bogenda: inclusion de photos pour les nouveaux étudiants. Le Bottin sera aussi disponible sur le site Web de l'AÉD, accessible sous mot de passe. **(VP Clubs and Services & Matt Aronson)**

25) Re-installation of Bell Expressvu Television in Basement of OCDH. **(President and Michael Hazan)**

26) Securing permanent student space for: Social Justice Network, Innocence Project, Pro Bono, HRWG, as well as the Graduate Law Students Association. **(President)**

27) Clearing up some debts with the Faculty of Law, and bank account access: thanks to Will Paterson and Stephen Panunto. **(VP Finance)**

28) Extension of electrical outlets and new lighting in the basement of NCDH: (forthcoming). **(President and VP Finance)**

29) Purchasing of an Online Voting System for all LSA elections. **(VP External)**

For more information please check the LSA website at www.law.mcgill.ca/lsa. Also be sure to visit the Faculty and LSA websites for a list of all weekly events.

Yours Truly / Cordialement vôtre,

Andrés J. Drew, Law III.
LSA President. ■

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I'm Not Worthy!

By Ava Chisling (Law III)

My future looks pretty grim since I discovered that I am not worthy of being a law partner. Yes. It is true. Out of the 100+ partners chosen, I was one out of 15 who were deemed not suitable to be an upper-year partner by the LSA. My legal interests are all wrong. My social concerns are all wrong. My prior education is all wrong. There is nobody for me.

How can I go on?

We all cried uncontrollably upon learning that NOT ENOUGH UPPER YEARS had signed up to be a law partner. I knew it was not possible! We are law students. We are as one. We are trans-systemic. I could not sign up fast enough. I wiped the tears from my eyes and filled in the sheet with vigour and pride. I gave details of my life: magazine editor, native Montrealer, own a neat scooter, have an interest in IP, fluently bilingual, able to help with housing, happy to guide a new student through the maze that is "Morrial"... God damn, I was proud! Just listing all the things I could do for a lost overwhelmed newcomer made me cry all over again. Big Sniff!

And then I waited. I dreamed of the day where I would wear my little name tag and march proudly into the law partners Coffee House. I would climb over my fellow students to find

my partner among the crowd. I would shout and laugh and wander hopelessly around the atrium trying to match a flimsy description with my wide-eyed junior partner. "Is this you?" Giggle. Sorry. "Um, are you _____?" No. "You?" And then finally, among the beer and the coffee and the noise and the music, we would meet. Oh my, what excitement! Finally, after all this time! What would he/she think of me? Do I look smart enough? Am I wearing my jeans low enough? Am I resourceful enough? Do I have the right piercings? Am I worthy?

Um, no. I am not.

The LSA does not choose partners based on how quickly they sign up. That would be too simple. Instead, according to the LSA, they first separate all the first-years and upper-years by prior education and then pair first-years with upper-years by areas of legal interests, then by social issues. I think that sounds absolutely wonderful. But does this really help a first-year student? Are we providing a good service for incomers by pairing us by social issues ("You mean you're a member of Up with Puppies, too?! Awwesome!") instead of the ability to help with housing, fight with landlords, find a decent meal and a cheap washing machine, write letters en francais, hook up a phone line, and take a tour on a scooter? Who

wouldn't want a tour of Montreal on a scooter?

Well, nobody, it seems. Double Sniff.

I would ask future LSA members to reconsider what newcomers to our faculty really need. Many first-year students have no idea what type of law interests them (duh!) and they may or may not have experience and interest in social issues. Presumably, what incoming students want is a safe place to live, a cheap place to eat and access to good summaries. Make signing up for law partners first-come first-serve instead of accepting more applicants than there are incoming students (double duh!). And when you have reached the limit, ask for stand-bys in case the A-listers don't show up. And for God's sake, ditch the complicated and laughable "match up" process – this is a law faculty, not Lavalife. Everyone here has something to offer a newcomer.

Even me.

Post-script: The day that I asked for my name to be removed from the *wink wink* "reserved list" of upper-years, I was magically offered a lovely law partner. Ta-Da! (I humbly refused as I found my own newcomer to help.) Is it really that simple to move from the B-list to the A-list? Can Hollywood be far behind...? ■

Submit to the Quid!
quid.law@mcgill.ca

Lexicus Quidus: A Quid Glossary for First Year Students

by Kara Morris (Law II)

BCL/LLB: The reason you came to McGill, two degrees, bachelors of common and civil law.

Coffeehouse: You should know this by now. If you don't, make sure you are in the atrium at 4:30 on Thursday to see for yourself.

CPO: Career Placement Office. Wonderful people who help law students find jobs. Also located on the fourth floor of NCDH.

Factum: More apparent in second term, this is the big paper for Legal Meth that all the second years will be working on. The factum is used as a basis for the 2nd year moot. In general, a factum is a document prepared by counsel for one of the sides of a case at the appeal level.

JICP: Seen also as JCIP, J-cup or any variation thereof. Stands for Judicial Institutions and Civil Procedure, a dreaded (required) course you'll be taking in 2nd, 3rd or 4th year.

Legal Meth: Short for Legal Methodology, is a required course in first and second year, which deals with the fuzzy details of the "how" of law. Gotta love databases!

LSA/AED: The Law Students' Association/L'Association des étudiants et étudiantes en droit. Every law student belongs to this organization, and an elected executive committee plans LSA/AED events and services at the faculty.

Lower campus: The place down the hill where we find the majority of the undergraduate student body of

McGill. Ask for directions.

Moot: Dreaded by first and second-years alike (mostly for its newness factor), an exercise in which each side argues a case on appeal. If you like this, you can try competitive mooting, which is done at an inter-school level. Yippee!

NCDH: New Chancellor Day Hall, the heart of the faculty. Usually accompanied by OCDH and the Gelber Law Library.

OCI: On Campus Interview. The primary reason upper years (see below) are running around NCDH (see below) in suits in early September. Watch out; when in this state, upper years have been known to bite, *hard*.

OUS: Office of Undergraduate Studies, on the fourth floor of NCDH. Be very nice to these people. You WILL need something from them at one time or another. Distributors of forms and keepers of many things administrative.

PGSS: The Post-Graduate Students' Society, which represents all Graduate Students on campus. Offices may be found in Thomson House (see below).

PIL: Unknown whether this means private international law or public international law... it depends on who you are talking to, and in what context. But this is definitely an upper-year international law course.

Pino's: Pino and Matteo, the snack bar / cafeteria found in the Pit.

The Pit: The basement of OCDH and NCDH; often found full of lockers and

studying students.

SNAILS: Students Not Actually In Law School. People we try to keep away from sponsored coffeehouses (see below).

Sponsored coffeehouse: An event similar to coffeehouse, where the atrium suddenly grows smaller as 75-80% of students at the faculty (and a few others) cram into the space for free food and drink. Often accompanied by lawyers of the sponsor firm genially attempting to speak with law students, one throng at a time.

SSMU: Students' Society of McGill University. This group represents all undergraduates at McGill. Someone just has to remind law students occasionally that we are undergraduates.

Thomson House: Run by the PGSS, this is the graduate students' centre/lounge/study space. A great place to get lunch, Thomson house is across Peel from the Law Library, facing McTavish.

Universal time block: A.k.a. Wednesday at lunch—Wed. from 12:30 to 2:30 (also sometimes Mon 12:30-1:30 and Fri. 11:30-12:30). A time when no classes are scheduled so that everyone can attend faculty events. Unfortunately, even though a person can only be in a single place at a time, most weeks three to four, equally interesting events are scheduled for this time period.

Upper year: Anyone who is not in first year. ■

Dessert-Carrying Woman Responds to Heckling Men by Calling Her Female Colleagues to Arms

by Christine Stecura (Law III/IV)

Editor's Note: This article was submitted March 30 to the Quid's online summer edition. To ensure equitable exposure, we are also reproducing the article in this print edition.

Yesterday I carried a large tray of desserts up the narrow stairwell in New Chancellor Day Hall to the final Annie Macdonald Langstaff lecture of the semester. Professor Lucie White gave a talk entitled "Trafficking of Care," where she examined the crisis of care in Northern countries and the migration of women from Southern countries to fill this demand for domestic labour.

As I was carrying this dessert tray up the narrow stairwell to the second floor, three of my male colleagues from second year, snickered to each other, without moving over in the stairwell, and each, in exaggerated condescending tones, gave me a stupid one liner, "for us? Thank you," "sure, I'll take that" "oh really, you shouldn't have."

That's right boys. Last night instead of studying, writing papers, reading a novel, phoning a friend, or 'washing my hair,' I decided I would prepare a gigantic tray of desserts and carry them around the Faculty offering them to my male colleagues. Would you like to try my poppyseed lemon loaf? My question for you three is what would ever give you the impression that acting like privileged jerks is acceptable behavior in any setting? Did that make you feel like what you think a man should feel like?

Please do not misunderstand my point – I am not saying that all of my male colleagues are egotistical, rude assholes. I can actually count the ones that would fit into this category on one hand. Most of my male colleagues would have never made those comments to me because they are polite and enlightened individuals. They would have, at the very least, stood aside so I could negotiate the narrow stairwell, and may have even offered to carry the plate up for me, as would most of my female colleagues – not necessarily solely as a symbol of chivalry but rather one of simple human consideration.

Some of you might think that I am overreacting but I am not – this moment is merely the cherry on top of a colossal ice cream sundae designed for an all-you-can-eat American suburban buffet dinner that has been accumulating in my mind over the past three years. This is hardly the worst example but this is my breaking point and I am sick of having to attend back-to-back spinning classes to work off my anger or keeping it bottled inside until I can vent at weekend dinners with my girlfriends. This Faculty does not offer an atmosphere of equality (whatever standard of equality you want to apply) nor is it a one that is progressive or supportive.

Basically, this Faculty gives women three positions to move in between: (1) you can be a nice girl who smiles and thinks about smashing the tray over their heads, but instead just giggles and offers the boys cookies (2)

you can become a gentleman, and instead of carrying trays to feminist lectures, you spend your free time drinking scotch with your male colleagues and making sarcastic jokes; or (3) you can lose your cool, allow yourself to get angry and finally let your head float to the surface for a gasp of air. I have never felt as wonderful at school as I did yesterday, just after the stairwell incident, when I danced and made primitive screeching noises beside my dear female friend as she whipped the walls of New Chancellor Day Hall with a pair of pink tights that she had just removed from her legs. I don't know how this even happened because she did not know I was raging or even why it felt good because we did not change anything or make a point, but it was a wonderful moment.

In response to the above, I have two requests of my female colleagues.

Start taking up space: My incoming class was 60% female but in my first year it was rare to hear a woman make an intervention, to banter with the contracts professor about economics, to challenge the gendered pronoun. Basically there were fifty women in the room, but about three of them were taking up any space and the other forty seven might as well have been absent, maniacally typing verbatim from within the walls. I hear the same complaint from my first year female colleagues. My message to these women is to start taking up space on your own terms because your professors, especially your female ones, are not going to make the ▶

space more inclusive or welcoming so you might as well stop waiting for them to do so. Remember that this is an atmosphere in which they excelled, and, won accolades, so, of course, they are going to reward those who also excel within it. In a seminar class, even the most progressive and open-minded professor at this Faculty will call on the student that best duplicates his or her own mode of thinking. There is certainly more than one way to unpack an issue, and we can go beyond the same five or six male legal theorists we champion in this Faculty to influence our reasoning skills. It is up to you to start talking in class and to take the space that is rightfully yours. Change the way we conduct seminars, change the direction of the discussion, change your own way of thinking by making your presence known. Just don't sit back and accept what might seem inevitable.

Stop apologizing. Every workshop and presentation I attended at the UN: Commission on the Status of Women was led by women from around the world, who each began their

discussion by apologizing for their terrible English, their inept PowerPoint skills, their incomplete data, etc. I hear my female professors apologizing pointlessly in front of their classes all of the time too. All of my female friends apologize profusely and unnecessarily. I constantly overhear myself apologizing while in my head thinking, hey jerkface, you should be apologizing to me for that objectively offensive comment, and I should not be apologizing to you because it offended me. Every time I hear a woman apologize I want to retch and then take her by the shoulders, shake her body and look into her eyes with a crazed gaze of rage. Yet abandoning the apology is a double-edged sword. As much as it makes us look weak and helpless it is a strategic tool useful in many situations (I can't help it but as I write this I am thinking of the swiss army knife of governance). While we use it to deflect inevitable criticism that our battered self-esteems can no longer bear, we also use it to get what we want: To avoid Thomas Chalmers ranting about posters on painted

walls; to avoid the resentment of friends who you ditch for dinner because you would rather stay at home by yourself to read in the bath; to avoid McGill security after you knowingly omit to apply for an alcohol permit for an Atrium reception. But every time you use the apology, you are reinforcing a structure of dominance and submitting to your own (usually unfounded) insecurities. So, unless in the same day I kill your cat and sleep with your father, I will not say sorry anymore. I will admit when I am wrong and I will seek your forgiveness if I hurt you, but no more apologizing.

None of what I am saying is new. You could probably find at least 5 Quid articles each year that basically say the same thing. But it has to be repeated and repeated and repeated until something changes. Until I can carry a tray of food through this school and not be made to feel like a geisha, all of this all bears repeating. ■

Let's Just Stick to the Rules

By Toby Moneit (Law IV)

Editor's Note: This article was submitted March 30 to the Quid's online summer edition. To ensure equitable exposure, we are also reproducing the article in this print edition.

Anyone who has taken Professor Macdonald's Foundations course (or taught the tutorials accompanying it) will recognize the title of this article as a chapter from *Lessons of Everyday Law*. This line popped into my head when I went to vote for the LSA

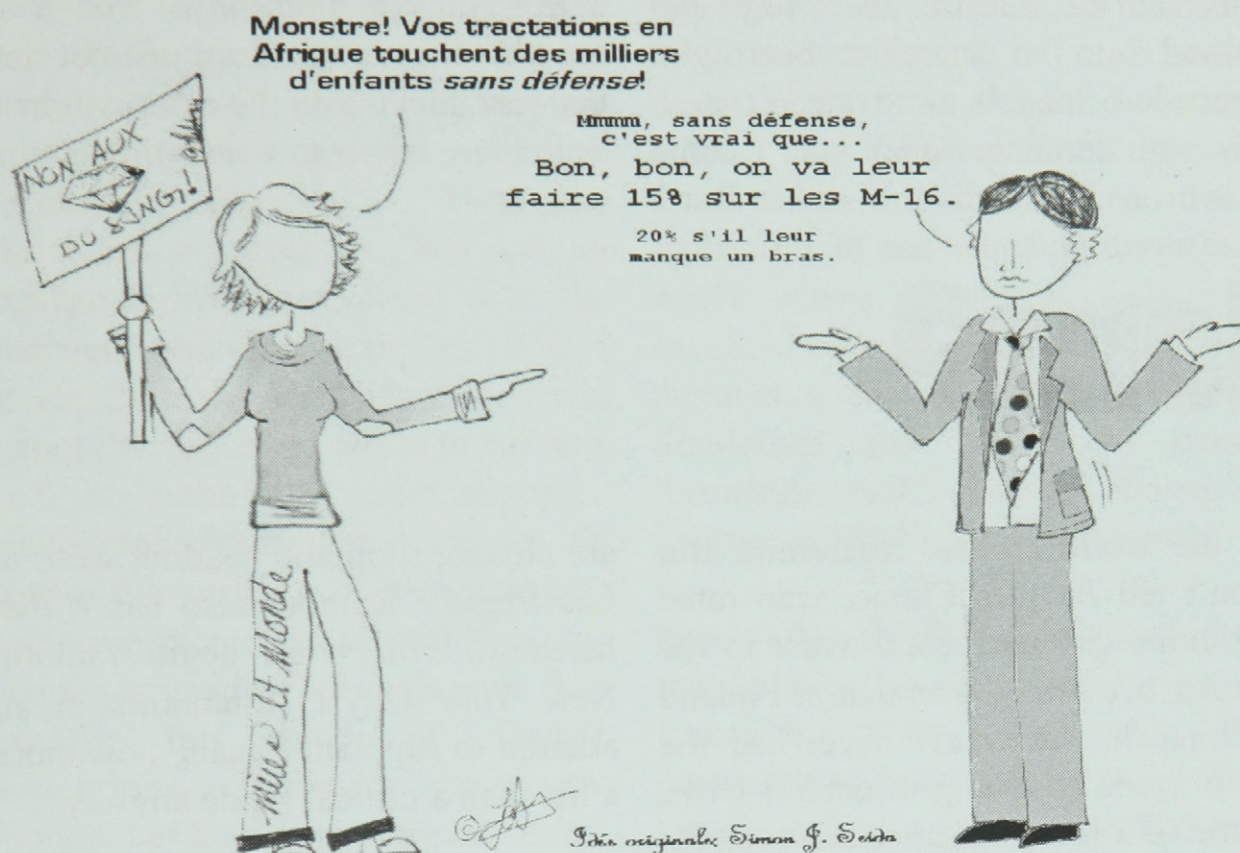
elections the other day and the CRO asked to see my id card. Never mind that this is the first time since first year that I have been asked for my card when voting. Never mind that I worked approximately two feet away from the CRO for over two months of the summer. Never mind that this is a small faculty where it would be pretty difficult to fake our identities. No, the rules are the rules and my card had to be inspected under close scrutiny. I handed in my card and quipped back that the ballot boxes are not up to

regulation. So there, I can stick to procedure too!

In Judicial Review of Administrative Action, we discussed a case called *Khan v. University of Ottawa*. The facts of this case were approached with a hearty chuckle (as I imagine that they are in every judicial review class across the country—except, perhaps, at the University of Ottawa): Ms. Khan rushed through what she thought was a two-hour exam. When she realized, at the end of this ▶

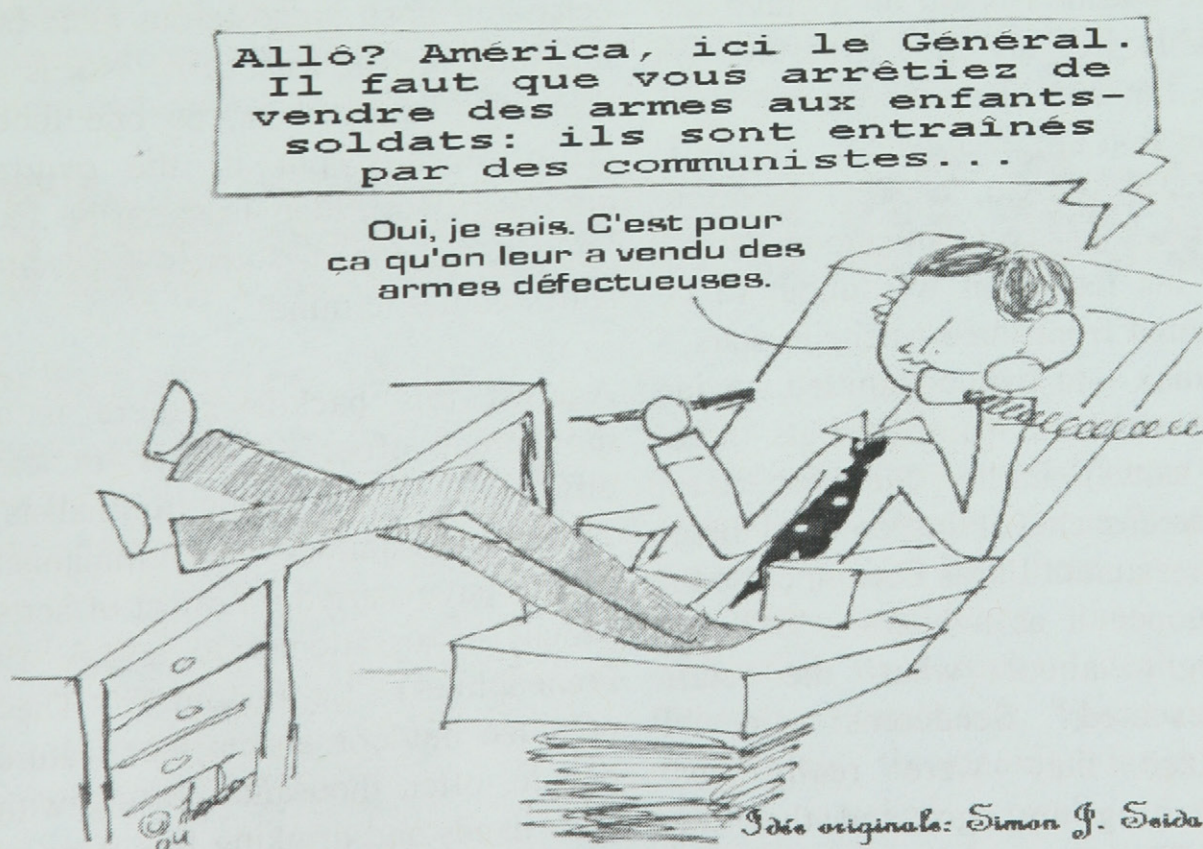
Les Aventures du Capitaine Corporate America

par Laurence Bich-Carriere (Law II)



«Les enfants de la guerre I»

*Note: the above panel was printed in last year's final Quid issue as Part 1 of a two-part series. Part 1 has been re-printed for your convenience, along with the newly published Part 2, below.



«Les enfants de la guerre II»

period, that she actually had another hour, she asked for an additional exam booklet and completed her answers. She labeled her first three booklets "1 of 3", "2 of 3", and "3 of 3", marked the additional booklet "insert" and placed it inside the others. While reviewing the exam once she received a failing grade (and was told that she would have to retake the year), she discovered that the fourth booklet had gone missing—her answers had not been read in their entirety. Somehow this case made its way up to the Ontario Court of Appeal on judicial review of the actions of both the law faculty's examinations committee and the senate board of the University of Ottawa.

There are many amusing aspects of this case including Khan's unwitting error as to the allotted examination period and Finlayson J.A.'s view that more procedural protections were unwarranted because, as Ms. Khan's professor had said, "more of the same would not have helped." Underlying our class' general sense of this case, though, was the greater aura of ridiculousness surrounding the situation—while Ms. Khan was clearly owed procedural protections, this level of judicialization seems inappropriate in a small faculty.

Since last Monday, I have felt like I am living in *Khan v. University of Ottawa* in our faculty. In four short days, we had an election, a strike vote, and a judicial board hearing. I missed the original meeting about the strike, not realizing how huge this issue was to become. By the time I made it back to the school from the tutorial I was teaching, the students against the strike had stormed out of the meeting and had been given keys to the LSA office ostensibly to look into the constitution. The next few days ▶

bore witness to the instrumental wielding of procedural rules. There were emails from the judicial board, recourse to the Civil Code, strike injunctions, petitions, and early morning hearings.

(It reminded me of the scene in *Pinocchio* where, after repenting for having strayed from the "right" path, Pinocchio becomes a "real boy". Now that they have argued constitutionality

and procedural fairness in front of a board of "impartial observers" (i.e., their peers), the leaders of the anti-strike pack are "real lawyers".)

Don't get me wrong; I have not forsaken the rule of law. I have not turned into an anarchist overnight. Procedure matters. And I can't even say with certainty which side I come down on as regards the strike. But I take issue with the use of procedure

and rules to thwart the will of the student body. And yes, I am aware that by not giving ten days notice (as required by the constitution of the LSA), it is possible that the meeting itself was not a full and free expression of that will. But it is possible that it was. I am just not sure that just sticking to the rules will help us get any closer to that expression of will. ■

Table for None?

by Jason MacLean (Law III)

The destiny of nations is how they nourish themselves. – Brillat-Savarin

Parisians take a number of things (besides themselves) most seriously, not least of which food. Food Parisians do very well, arguably the best. Eating is another matter altogether.

I was for eight weeks this summer an often famished foot soldier in a war for the gastronomic heart of Paris. Paris delights in playing against type, so I should not have been surprised to find out that it would not always be easy to eat – much less eat well – as a Canadian working American hours in the city of lights who had grown accustomed (and a little fat) to eating in New York City, which may just be the easiest place to eat something in the world (e.g., McDonalds delivers 24/7).

Paris's foodie establishment has been under attack for some time now. There has been the emergence of Spain, the United States and, of late, Britain; according to a recent survey by the British newspaper the Guardian, The Fat Duck near London

is the world's finest restaurant. But don't tell Jacques Chirac, who rated Britain's cuisine second-worst in the world, better only than that of Finland (Chirac has evidently never had the misfortune of dining in central Nova Scotia); a few days after this remark, of course, France lost its bid for the 2012 Olympics to Britain (what ever will the athletes eat?).

Through it all, the bastion of Parisian haute cuisine has put on a brave and suitably haughty face (true, waiters bow, but they also snicker), yet signs of tension are everywhere. In 2003, Bernard Loiseau, chef of La Côte d'Or, who was rumoured to be certain that his restaurant was about to be demoted from three Michelin stars – the max – to two, committed suicide (the restaurant maintained its three-star status). Earlier this year, Alain Senderens, chef of the perennial three-star restaurant Lucas Carton, closed it to reopen it as a bistro. "When I thought about what the stars represented," Senderens said, "I realized they were really just supporting my ego, and that was stupid." Two of France's leading chefs, Joel Robuchon and Guy Savoy,

are closing shop and heading west, to Las Vegas. Rumour also has it that Michelin will soon begin ranking New York City's restaurants in an attempt to supplant Zagats, now more a list than a critical guide anyway.

This tension does not merely surround the Parisian dining scene; it is palpable as soon as one sits down to eat. The imposing waiters, who grow on you after a while because their behaviour is so preposterous as to be hilarious, are the least of it. Nor is it the polished silver or, as one food critic recently put it, the *amuse bouche*. How then to describe the feeling as one readies to eat? Nervous shock comes to mind.

Against this backdrop there is a movement afoot in Paris to eat differently. Two young journalists, Alexandre Cammas and Emmanuel Rubin, have started a project of sorts called (in an attempt to enrage all Francophiles) "Le Fooding." They organize outdoor events that feature people, often thousands, eating with their hands and drinking fine wine in plastic cups. They also confer "Le Fooding" awards to restaurants ▶

they deem spiritually sound; a guide is rumoured to be on the way.

To fully understand this revolution from below you have to understand Parisians' predilection for exclusivity. The Michelin stars are part of it, but it goes much, much further. There are everywhere and always "underground" parties having "exclusive" guest-lists. The most ludicrous example is that of an exclusive picnic organized over the internet whereby, upon an hour's notice, three thousand people arrive at a spot dressed all in white to eat and, just as important, one suspects, photograph themselves doing so. Of course the paradox of organizing an exclusive picnic for several thousand people is evident enough, but it is exactly this kind of formal, pretentious stuffiness that the founders of Le Fooding are out to foil.

To do so will not be easy, however. French cuisine is constrained in very much the same manner that civilian legal culture is constrained – it is codified. As such, a certain style, a certain form governs because it is engrained and thus expected. The

symbolic capital of French haute cuisine is nowhere near expended, and it serves as yet another trace of a cultural and political unity that many in Paris feel is also under siege. In this light, haute cuisine chefs just don't get Le Fooding and at the same time understand it all too well. "Eating with your fingers is a bad habit," said Senderens, "It doesn't have to do with the quality of the food. There are many places in the world where people eat with their hands; however, in our culture it denotes a lack of civility." For Senderens and his fellow haute formalists, real restaurant dining is *langue*, eating for the fun is *parole*.

Food, after all, from steak tartare to marmalade, is thoroughly legal. Consider the etymology of gastronomy: *gastro* [...] + *nomi* [the Greek suffix meaning "regulation" and "administration"]; for Plato, our first self-help guru, the good life is achieved through the mind's collusion with the will to control the stomach's appetites – you'd think Oprah would have fêted *The Republic* years ago. The battle over how to cook (grilled veal with fig chutney, anyone?) and

how to eat (fingers, no palms) thus has both almost nothing and absolutely everything to do with the foul weather precipitated by the *deux nons* of Paris' (and France's) unusually long summer. The future, it seems, is in multi-ethnic Europe, multi-ethnic England (which has the best Indian food in the world outside of Toronto), while Paris is in danger of becoming "an open-air museum." But the real nadir may have been Pepsi's threat to buy its transatlantic rival Danone, whose shares, to add a little American salt to the wound, reached a record high after the first announcement of the hostile takeover bid, only to fall after Pepsi assured the *Autorité des Marchés Financiers* that had no plans to bid on the French company. Haute cuisine thus has more to worry about than Le Fooding. Simply take a walk down the Champs-Élysées some evening. "Quick Burger," anyone?

Doubtless Brillat-Savarin was right. I look forward to tasting the answer for myself next year. But it is getting late, I am getting hungry, and I am back in Montréal, in the mood for a little Le Fooding of my own. ■

The Wisdom of Octavia

by Ryan Anderson (Law II)

And school begins. First day, nerves going crazy, eyes darting around. Many things to consider, to structure, to order, to anticipate, to calculate. Don't get too flustered. Gentle with the power dynamics, be attentive to the differences. Sympathetic empathy is essential to education.

The noise comes like a wave down the hall, and hits me as I sit on the radiator next to the big black chalkboard. The

phrase I cut out of multi-colored construction paper pasted above the chalk board - 'Knowledge is Power' - reminds me why I am here. It gives me the confidence that only dedication to a higher ideal can. Otherwise I might bolt. Voices closer - chirping, threatening, laughing, yelling, panicked, cynical - all pure energy with various degrees of baggage, particular expressions and personalities, and all coming this way.

In they come. One after another, ages 11 to 16, until a total of 37 sit at the clusters of desks I have set up around the room. Big, little, angry, sad, excited, hopeful, anxious, slouching, twitching, clean, unwashed. Some have their hair in cornrows, some have afros. Some even have hats on that they will soon learn to remove while in class. And all are looking up at me as I look back at them. This is

Mr. Anderson's 7th grade homeroom class at Public School 4, the Bronx, New York City. They are all wonderful.

I manage to say my first words - "Welcome. I am glad you are here." And then I stop, unable to say more. My practiced lines are here and gone, and my mental models are proving woefully inadequate in their effort to deal with what's actually in front of me.

A beautiful Puerto-Rican African-American girl, apparently the alpha female, raises her eyebrows and thrusts her chin forward. I get that she is asking permission to speak. "Yes" I say without the intonation of a question. She looks down with a satisfied smile and moves around a bit in her seat, pleased at her official recognition, and then speaks the words the woke me up. "I feel you." Pause. "And I'm Octavia. Don't you

forget it." My mind, for the first time in almost two months, totally silences, matching the quiet in the classroom. No longer am I calculating or positioning, modifying, or anticipating. I'm finally here.

And from then on it just started to flow. Names were learned, expectations were communicated, and relationships formed. As the day progressed and passed through all the various challenges and thrills, I found myself continually returning to the phrase Octavia had introduced me to, evidently a common expression I hadn't yet encountered. So I asked her more about it after assembly on the way back to class. She laughed of course, and then just said, "You know, I feel you. Like I get what you're saying, but in here, and it makes sense to me and I'm cool with it." She tapped her sternum as she spoke. "Mmm. Alright. I like it. By the way,

no gum. Sorry. But thanks."

Kids gone, end of the day. Chance to think about the beginning, staring out between the bars of the window, all the way to Twin Towers down there in the financial district of Manhattan. Octavia got it all started, moving me out of my computer program freeze that had occurred once I had said my rehearsed words. And how? Best I could figure it was that she just said hey, get out of your head. We feel you. Feel us. We're here in front of you and we want you be with us. Open up.

In three words she got me from trying to be who I thought I should be to recognizing who I was - a presence, a possibility of a teacher, standing before her.

Like any good teacher, she felt where I was coming from. ■

Okay, so here's how it works:

Step one: You have an idea, opinion, commentaire, reply, poème, event, cartoon, sports report, movie review, aunt's secret kugel recipe....

Step two: You write about said idea, opinion, etc.

Step three: Vous nous envoyez votre opus, à quid.law@mcgill.ca.

Step four: Wait for Tuesday's distribution of the Quid, read your article, and send it to grandma (she'll be so proud!)

Step five: Repeat steps one through four until we start sending you polite messages to leave us the heck alone.

See? How easy is that?

SUBMIT TO THE QUID!
Deadline Thursdays at 5:00